

Snow Ball by **chasingvictoryx**

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Summary:

It's hard being at a dance when you can't dance the way you want to with the person you want to.

Snow Ball

Author's Note:

This is from a prompt I did on Tumblr, which I've edited up a little bit since then!

*Original post date: Nov. 10, 2017.

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Also some things you should know about this fic: Mike and Will have a mutual pining for each other, and Mike and El aren't romantically involved.

I apologize for any grammatical errors as well. I tried to catch them all, but some are bound to slip through the cracks!

It was the night of the Snow Ball, none of the party had ever been before and were all quite excited. Lucas and Max were the first to pair up, Will got dragged out onto the dance floor, and Dustin had gone off in search of a girl to dance with.

Alone, Mike found himself plopping down onto one of the metal folding chairs, gazing out at the mass of students. Eyes glanced around, locking onto his friends amongst the crowd. Lucas and Max staring into each other's eyes and smiling like idiots, and Mike had to keep his eyes from bulging out of his head upon seeing Dustin dancing with *Nancy*. He decided not to question it, however, letting a sigh omit from his lips, and hunching forward as he let his eyes wander once more. This time, they fell on Will, and stayed there for probably too long. The longing was back, despite how much he tried to push it down. Idly, he thought about how *nice* it would be to dance in the girl's stead. She couldn't even call Will by his *name*. She didn't deserve to dance with him. It was a bitter thought that Mike tried to shove down along with all of his *other* unspoken thoughts. All his thoughts involving Will that he'd never *dare* say out loud.

Eventually, he has to tear his eyes away, instead glancing up and seeing that Eleven had just entered the room. That's when he gets up and goes to dance with her.

When the song is over and the party is tired of dancing, they all retreat back to their former spots, joking and laughing until Will excuses himself to go grab some punch. Mike hesitates for a moment before deciding to join him. Turning toward the refreshments table, his eyes glanced over all of the available items. There was a plethora of snacks to choose from, but for whatever reason, he wasn't very hungry. Each subtle glance he seemed to steal of Will only seemed to intensify the feeling.

"Are you having fun?" he heard Will ask, and he looks up, making the mistake of locking onto those hazel eyes that are standing out vibrantly against his outfit. "... Mike...?"

"Huh?" Mike seems to snap out of his thoughts then, shaking his head. "Oh, yeah-- Yeah, I am..." A pause. "Are you?"

"Yeah, I guess." He seems to study Mike for a moment before bring up his cup to sip on it.

"*I guess?*" Mike questions, eyebrow risen as he reaches over, grabbing a cup for himself and filling it up with fruit punch before taking a sip. Fruit punch wasn't exactly his *favorite*, but it certainly hit the spot when he was parched and needed to put something on his stomach. "Why's that? Weren't you having fun dancing with that girl?" He wonders if his voice sounds as bitter as his thoughts.

"I mean, *yeah*, it was alright, but..." Will trails off before shrugging.

"Something the matter?" Mike asks, brows pulling together in concern. He knew that Will had been doing a lot better now, but he still worried. He always would.

"It's nothing," Will murmured into his cup as he took another swig of his punch.

Mike wasn't sure that he bought that. Will might say that he was

'fine', but it wouldn't be the first time that he'd told *that* lie. No one could blame Mike for still being suspicious. "You sure? You know you can talk to me about anything, right?"

Will nods, gulping down the rest of his beverage and disliking the feeling of having nothing to hide behind. "I know, I know. But it really *is* nothing." There's another pause that follows before he's speaking up again. "I guess it just... wasn't really what I expected."

Mike sends him a confused look. "... Whaddya mean?"

Will doesn't say anything at first, eyes glancing over to where their group current stood before looking back over at Mike. "I mean... I know it's just *dancing* but I guess I would've preferred to do it with someone that I actually *wanted* to dance with... Like Lucas and Max... Or you and Eleven."

"Oh." Mike keeps it to himself that as much as he liked dancing with El, there was *someone else* that he would've liked to dance with too, possibly even more. "Well... *Is* there anyone that you wanted to dance with? Y'know, like, *instead* of that girl?"

Will doesn't say anything at first, and Mike almost wonders if he said something *wrong*, somehow. He opens his mouth to apologize, but Will speaks before he can.

"Maybe." It's a short answer, though it makes a million questions pop into Mike's head.

"Really? Who?" He knows it's none of his business, but the question is out before he can stop himself.

Just then, a few more students approach the table, and Will takes a step closer to Mike, before saying, "Come with me."

Mike nods, tossing his still half-full cup of punch into the nearby waste bin, and staying close behind will as they bob and weave through the crowd of students.

The next thing he knows, they're outside.

"Uh... What're we doing out here?" he asks, already feeling the cold

beginning to nip at him.

Will turns to look at him then, and if Mike didn't know any better, he'd swear that Will seemed hesitant about something.

"Will--"

"It's you." His voice is quiet, eyes averted, and Mike swears that he almost didn't hear him.

"Huh?" Surely he was just hearing this. His heart is clenching in his chest.

"*It's you*," Will repeats, louder this time, willing his eyes to meet Mike's. "I...wanted to dance... *with you*."

"... Me...?" Mike asks dumbly, mouth suddenly going dry, and heart jumping up into his throat. He idly wondered if drinking that fruit punch had been such a good idea after all, even if he hadn't drank much of it to begin with. "I..." He tries to swallow the lump in his throat. "Why didn't you?"

"Mike," Will starts, as if the answer is the most obvious thing ever. "You know how people are..."

Mike did know. He knew all too well how the people in the small town of Hawkins could be.

He nods. "Yeah..." A pause as he tries to fight back a shiver from the cold. "I know."

"So you know why I couldn't--"

"Wanna dance?"

Will stares at him for a moment, wide-eyed. "... What? We *can't*. What if someone sees--"

"Do you *see* anyone around right now?" Mike cuts him off, gesturing to the vast emptiness around them.

No one was around, but the fear of getting *caught* still makes Will

hesitate. "I..."

Mike extends a hand out to him. "It can be a real quick one," he suggests, and being honestly surprised when Will wordlessly takes his hand.

A smile spreads its way onto Mike's lips, heart clamoring in his chest and stomach doing flips. He'd always known that Will was...*different*, and he never saw it as a bad thing. The older they got, the more sense it made to him, and the more the realization dawned on him that *he* was different, too, and there was nothing wrong with that. Of course, not *everyone* would see it that way, and for a long time, Mike had kept it all to himself. No one needed to know; he didn't *want* anyone to know. It wasn't that he was *ashamed*, but he knew, just as much as Will, that if anyone found out about it, things wouldn't be pretty. He hated having to hide things, but people weren't ready, and besides that, he didn't think it was any of their business, anyway.

"Just so you know," Mike begins as he feels Will's hands slip onto his shoulders, "I can't dance." His own hands move down to rest on either sides of Will's waist.

"That's okay," Will assures him with a shy smile, "My mom taught me a little bit. I can teach you... Just don't step on my toes."

"No promises," Mike chuckles, cheeks alight, matching the same color of Will's if not darker. He was sure that the cold wasn't helping.

There's an unspoken attraction between the two of them. Neither of them need to *say* how they feel for the other to get it. They both just *know*. Besides that, neither of them want to distract from the quiet melody of the slow song they can faintly hear, coming from inside.

There's a vague thought Mike has towards the end of the song. The more he stares down at Will, the more the thought ebbs at him. A kiss. Wouldn't that be nice? Would Will be okay with that? Is that the right thing to do? He spends too much time thinking about it, rather than acting, and by the time he's made up his mind, he can see someone's headlights starting to appear from behind them.

That's all it takes to tear the two of them apart. Though they easily blame it on the cold, and both agree to go inside and warm up. They'd *just* pushed past the doors to the gym when Mike shoots a glance down at Will.

"Well, that was fun."

"Yeah... Yeah, it was."

"I'm glad you told me." And Mike truly meant it. "Better than your dance with that girl?" He waggles his brows, resulting in Will rolling his eyes, but smiling nonetheless.

"Way better," he confirms. "Even if we *did* stand the risk of getting frost bite in the process." He chuckles lightly, causing Mike to do the same.

"Oh, c'mon," Mike responds, "A little hypothermia never killed anyone."

Will nudges him in the side, fighting the urge to roll his eyes again at Mike's poor joke. "*Mike--*"

"Where the hell did you guys go?" Dustin's voice breaks through, putting an end to their banter.

"Uh..." Will glances from one friend to the other, and thankfully Mike's easily coming in for the recovery.

"It was getting to hot in here so we went out to get some fresh air." He says it so easily. Will's impressed.

"For *ten minutes*?" Dustin asks, tone disbelieving.

"It was *not* ten minutes," Mike retorts.

Dustin's opening his mouth to argue back, before Will opts to change the subject.

"Where's everyone else?"

"Dancing," Dustin informs, pointing out to the dance floor where Lucas, Max, and El can all be seen dancing together to a rather upbeat song.

"Why aren't *you* out there with them?" Mike asks.

"I went looking for *you* two assholes," Dustin replies, pointing a finger at them, making Mike roll his eyes.

"Well, you found us." Mike catches Will staring out at the crowd.

"Wanna dance?" he asks, catching Will off guard.

"What...?" he asks, and Mike can see the panic in his eyes at the question.

"What?" Dustin parrots, and Mike rolls his eyes, playing it cool.

"If our *friends* are out there, don't you think we should join them?"

"Oh, right," Will nods in agreement, to which Mike immediately grabs onto his wrist tugging him out onto the dance floor towards their friends.

Dustin can be heard calling after them to '*wait for him*'.

The rest of the night seems to go by in a blur, and before too long, everyone's calling it a night. It was a slight disappointment, but everyone's in such high spirits that they end up walking out giddily, anyway.

Mike and Will are in a fit of laughter as the snow ball comes to an end and they're making their exit. Their parents are waiting for them, but before they can be spotted amongst the throng of other students, Mike slyly grabs Will's hand, pulling him along to a secluded spot.

"Mike, what're you doing?" Will asks, and Mike presses a finger to his own lips to tell him to shush.

Shadows of the school loom over the two of them, and with no one to see, plus the added darkness, Mike leans in, pressing his lips to Will's in a feather-light kiss. It only lasts a few seconds before he's pulling

back and smiling bashfully, hardly having given Will a proper chance to return it before it was over, leaving the Byers boy both surprised and flustered.

"I, uh... I just wanted to do that at least *once* tonight..." Mike whispers, and then he's backing away, hoping there's not *too* much of a noticeable flush to his cheeks. A small pause passes before he's speaking again.

"We better get back before anyone starts wondering where we are, huh?" He raises his brows before peering around the corner. The crowd's still a pretty decent size so they *should* be able to sneak back over without being noticed.

"C'mon-!" he urges, about to step back around the corner when Will's hand shoots out, stopping him and pulling him back. Mike glances back at him, about to open his mouth to say something, but before he can, Will's stepping forward. The shorter boy leans up, repeating the actions that Mike had done earlier. Another feather-light kiss against soft lips.

Once he pulls back, he's offering up a shy smile of his own, cheeks burning as he says, "It's only fair that *I* get to do it at least *once* tonight, too."

Then, he's playful nudging Mike and moving back over to where their parents are waiting for them, leaving Mike to chase after him and hope that no one notices their second disappearance that night.